Dem. Well roard, Lyon.

Duke. Well runne, *Thiſby.*

Dutcheſſe. Well ſhone *Moone.* Truly, the Moone ſhines, with a good grace.

Duk. Well mouz'd, *Lyon.*

Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lyon vaniſht.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thanke thee, for thy ſunny beams,
I thanke thee, Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright.
For by thy gratious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to take of trueſt *Thiſby* ſight.
But ſtay: ô ſpight! but marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it bee!
O dainty duck, o deare!
Thy mantle good, what, ſtaind with blood?
Approach ye Furies fell,
O fates come, come, cut thread and thrumme,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This paſſion, & the death of a deare friend would goe neere to make a man looke ſad.

Dutch. Beſhrewe my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didſt thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon vilde hath here deflour'd my deare.
Which is, no, no: which was the faireſt dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.
Come teares, confound, out ſword, and wound
The pappe of *Pyramus*:
I, that left pappe, where heart doth hoppe.
Thus dy I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule is in the ſky.
Tongue looſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dy, dy, dy, dy, dy.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him. For he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſſe then an ace, man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer, and yet prooue an aſſe.

Dut. How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before? *Thiſby* comes backe, and findes her louer.

Duk. Shee will finde him, by ſtarre-light. Here ſhee comes, and her paſſion ends the Play.

Dut. Me thinkes, ſhe ſhould not vſe a long one, for ſuch a *Pyramus*: I hope, ſhe will be brieſe.

Demet. A moth will turne the ballance; which *Pyramus*, which *Thisby* is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs: ſhe, for a woman; God bleſſe vs.

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweete eyes.

Deme. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicet*;

This. A ſleepe my loue? What, dead my doue?
O *Pyramus*, ariſe,
Speake, ſpeake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tumbe
Muſt couer thy ſweete eyes.
Theſe lilly lippes, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow cowſlippe cheekes
Are gon, are gon: louers make mone:
His eyes were greene, as leekes.
O ſiſters three, come, come, to mee,
With hands as pale as milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you haue ſhore
With ſheeres, his threede of ſilke.
Tongue, not a word: come truſty ſword,
Come blade, my breaſt imbrew:
And farewell friends: thus *Thyſby* ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke. *Moone-ſhine* and *Lyon* are left to bury the dead.

Deme. I, and *Wall* to.

Lyon. No, I aſſure you, the wall is downe, that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you, to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaske daunce, between two of our cõpany?